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TALE FROM THE PERSIAN.

[Found among the papers of the late William Dellwyn, Esq.]

TO ALLAH the Most High be all honour and praise ! Let every one bow before his throne, to whom all the powers of Heaven do homage. Eblis himself, though he presume to usurp divine honours on this lower world, pays his duty at the footstool of the throne of the Most High !

After a day's severe fasting, I wandered into the woods of Kurdistan. The paths were intricate and perplexed, and I picked my way for some time with caution. Flowers of the most enchanted hues, and the most exquisite perfume, bordered the path;—the lotos flower and the tuberosc scented the air; the high palmetto and the feathery acacia waved over my head; and the birds warbled in delightful melody among their branches. A rapid and transparent stream diffused fragrance and verdure over this beautiful region; and the inequalities of hill and valley, wood and heath, added charms to this most delicious spot. Yet, though I could have wished to linger here for ever, I forgot not that I had to return, and carefully

observed the windings of the various paths that crossed the forest. At length having reached an opening, through which I could discern the glorious hues lighted up in the west by the departing beams of Mithra, I seated myself under a large tree, and abandoned my mind to the charms of contemplation.—“Surely,” thought I, “it is good for man to be here, and he needs not seek a fairer paradise, when he can enjoy such a scene as this that now ravishes my mind.—Then when I beheld the magnolia, already shedding its tender spoils on the ground, I called to mind the saying of Yesef Eben Ibrahim—*When the leaves bud forth, think of the despoiled stalks.*—“True,” said I aloud, “the season of spring is delightful, and the glowing summer and the fruitful autumn come to fulfil its fairest promise; but after all comes winter, which swallows up all the benefits of its predecessors, resembling the wise adage of the sage Rhedi-al-Usuruf—*Ingratitude has a wide swallow.*

“While I thus ruminated, a gilded serpent came slowly gliding from between the paths, and while I admired the glossy lustre of his scales, darted out his forked tongue. Springing up, I

aimed a blow at him, which laid him dead at my feet.---I resumed my seat, and gazing on my crest-fallen enemy, I thus pondered---“Even so do unsuspected villains steal across the path of the unthinking man, and wound him with their venomous fangs! Happy will be that world where winter comes not, ingratitude is not known, and malice has no entrance.”

Lost in such musings, I scarcely heeded the gradual change from day to twilight; but when at length the hooting of the bird of night roused me from my reverie, I arose from my mossy seat, and determined to retrace my way back to the city.---I wandered long before I discovered that I had taken a wrong turn, and was every moment more enveloped in the intricacies of the forest. In vain I strove to return upon my steps: the similarity of the scenes presented but very feeble indications, and even had they been stronger, the increasing darkness of the night would have prevented my availing myself of them.--At length the rising moon shot her rays directly across the path on which I stood, and I perceived that I was on the edge of a tremendous precipice.---I shuddered at the danger I had been thus providentially enabled to escape, and bent my knees in thankful adoration to Allah.

I rested a while on a projection of rock, to compose my feelings after the shock this circumstance had given to them; and while I sat, the moon acquired lustre sufficient to show me the dreadful scene in all its horrors. The chasm below seemed as if it must have been formed by the convulsion of an earthquake. Huge masses of rock were piled on each other in all directions, and the abrupt and steep sides were in some places covered with rude vegetation, in others bare, and full of yawning fissures. The depth of the gulph my

eyes, assisted only by the deceitful moonlight, were unable to penetrate; but the silver rays were reflected in the rough waves of a foaming torrent that rolled at the bottom, and seemed to rush along over rugged projections of stone. I fancied I discovered a path that led to this extraordinary abyss; and, urged by irresistible curiosity, I resolved to attempt the descent.

The only talk in the city was of the new worship; and the mysterious secrecy observed respecting its peculiar institutions, only served to render the uninitiated more inquisitive. I had heard persons, on whose authority I could not depend talk of the valley of Horror as the scene appointed for the celebration of the worship of Eblis; but I by no means imagined that a spot so worthy of the name, existed in the neighbourhood of the city, undiscovered by such a wanderer as myself.

This circumstance redoubled my curiosity, and I attempted the declivity at the most accessible part. This had never, I believe, been hewn out for a path; it was merely a channel, worn by some stream, which had either ceased to flow, or had turned its waters into another direction. I was now obliged to let myself down by tough branches of the creeper Amavi, and now to leap from point to point with exertion the most perilous. Torn, bruised, and alarmed, I reached at length the bottom of the abyss, and found myself on the banks of a sluggish river, whose heavy and dark-coloured waves emitted a pitchy smoke. The banks of the river resembled cindery fragments of a volcano, and the sulphurous smell almost suffocated me.---“Surely,” thought I, “this cavern must be the entrance to the dominions of Arimanius, and this stream a portion of the fiery flood that surrounds his palace.”---At length, overcome by exertion and

suffocation, I swooned away, and lay for an uncertain period in a state of insensibility. When I resumed my powers, I was surprised to see a gleam of light darting through a fissure at a remote corner of the cavern;—and, watching with attention its evident approach, I perceived at length several figures enter, habited in long flame-coloured robes, each bearing torches, which they waved about with gestures of the most frantic wildness. This procession was closed by the entrance of a tall personage, clothed in black, whose head was encircled with a coronet, which appeared to me of living fire. The whole train approached the pitchy river, on the opposite bank of which I lay. I endeavoured to hide myself among some of the singed shrubs, that were not utterly destroyed by the fiery exhalations, and succeeded in finding a place which concealed me from their view. The subordinate personages attended the figure in black with every symptom of respect, to a spot where the river, by a sudden evolution, formed a sort of small cove. Here the whole party remained for some time immovable, while their countenances seemed expressive of internal abstraction and adoration; the personage in black then in a loud voice commanded the stranger to be brought forth.

The terror I felt at these words, which I concluded to apply to myself, is not to be described. I lay still in my hiding-place, resolved only to yield to absolute force, and not to betray myself by any sudden emotion; and my fears subsided when I perceived four of the flame-coloured attendants drag from a cavern, on the opposite side, a man who seemed in a swoon. The Superior uttered aloud some words in an unknown language, amongst which, however, I distinguished the name of Eblis. He then ordered

the attendants to strip the man, and seizing him by the arm, plunged him, still insensible, into the pitchy flood that rolled sluggishly along. The shock recalled the unhappy man to his senses, and I beheld him, with surprise, express by his gestures the most extravagant joy. Immediately the Superior took him by the hand; and while the surrounding ministers attired him in a flame-coloured garment similar to their own, he congratulated him on being now a servant of Eblis.

After a destined period of probation, said he, "thou shalt be admitted to all the privileges Eblis confers upon his faithful worshippers. The secrets of nature and the arcana of magic shall be unveiled to thee. The spirits which fulfil his orders shall be submitted to thy power, and thou shalt be enabled to accomplish at once all thy wishes. But in order to arrive at so high a pitch of felicity, thou must, during the appointed interval, be truly devoted to his will; thou must never fail to assist at our sacrifices, and must endeavour to render them, by thy presents, worthy of being offered to our powerful divinity."

The newly-initiated made a reply expressive of gratitude, and eagerness to hasten the period of fruition. But he was dismissed with the greatest part of the votaries, through the same fissure at which he had entered; and there remained only three besides the Superior. He then addressed them in the following terms:—

The moment is now arrived when your services are about to be accepted. Ye have passed the period of probation with honour, and have never omitted any endeavours to promote the cause of Eblis among the children of the world.—Come, ye worshippers of the immortal fire! come and receive the reward of



of your labours. One ceremony past, and ye shall be admitted to the innermost recesses of his palace, whose brightness is above all mortal conception, and which ye have well merited to inhabit, by your noble disdain of the blind prejudices of mortals. Ye have, with a superior grandeur of soul, burst the bands of consanguinity, despised the weak maxims of what men call virtue, and sought only to increase the glory of the Infernal Fire: ye shall now drink of this cup, and be admitted at once to all the privileges of the most favoured worshippers!"

With these words, the Superior plunged a vessel of adamant into the pitchy stream, and offered it, steaming with sulphureous smoke, to his deluded followers. The first raised it to his lips, and having swallowed a part of its contents, fell to the ground in a swoon;—the second and third drank likewise, and met with a similar fate. Quickly, however, recovering, they addressed the Superior with countenances and voices expressive of the most dreadful tortures.

"How hast thou deceived us!" exclaimed they. "What is this horrible internal fire we feel?—Are these torments to be eternal?"

"Eternal!—" replied the monster with a ghastly grin—"ye now feel in your hearts the fire that is never quenched—the just reward of your labours. It is our amusement," continued he, "to delude unwary mortals with specious tales and alluring equivocations; and by increasing the number of the votaries, seem to obtain a fanciful relief. Go—the mysteries of magic, and the command of spirits are your's. Go, profit by what you have so hardly earned!"

With these words he burst into a loud and insulting laugh, while, with horrible howlings, the three deluded victims tore open their garments, and displayed their bosoms burning with unquenchable fire.

After a most dreadful interval, the figure in black placed on each of their heads a circlet of fire like his own; and recommending patience and composure to them, ordered them to seek their own habitations, and, like him, endeavour to procure new votaries to Eblis.

The faint rays of morning began now to streak the sky; and being once more alone in the Cavern of Horrors, I determined to attempt the ascent, not daring to follow the steps of the strange beings I had seen, lest I should be led into the dominions of Eblis. Painful as had been my descent into this horrible place, I found the return to the upper world still more difficult; but at length, by perseverance and extreme labour, I effected my emancipation; and shuddering with horror, regained the place from whence I had wandered the preceding day.—Exhausted with toil and fasting, I had scarcely strength to return to my own abode; but the most distressing consequence of my adventure was, the total loss of my confidence in my fellow-creatures. I wanted to pull off the turban, and tear open the vest of every man I conversed with, to ascertain whether or not he were a votariest of the Infernal Fire; but I had the happiness, by representing to many who yet wavered, the facts I had witnessed, of fixing them more firmly than ever in the faith of their forefathers.'

Let those who shall read the foregoing adventure learn, not to be seduced by the wiles of mystery, nor to listen to the magnificent promises of novelty. The paths of virtue and true happiness are plain and open, and their dictates will bear to be tried by the touchstone of truth.

Use yourself to thinking, and you will find that you have more in your head than you thought of.

## THE FATAL INTRIGUE.

MARIA CATHARINE TAPERET, was born at Paris of respectable but poor parents, and was decently educated by her grandmother. Her personal charms soon procured her admirers. She gave her hand to an architect, named Lescombat. The young couple resided for some time at the grandmother's; but the sprightly wife, weary of her guardianship, persuaded her husband, by whom she was adored, to take a house for themselves. Here she was at first admitted into the circles of fashion, from which however, her dissolute way of life soon excluded her again.—Her husband was wholly ignorant of her excesses. By her persuasion he even took into his house a number of young men as pupils, of whom Madame Lescombat formed a gay kind of a court.

One of these pupils, named Mongeot, was favoured by her above the rest, and that in such a particular manner, that her hitherto unsuspecting husband at length opened his eyes to his dishonour, reproved her very severely, and turned Mongeot out of his house. From this moment she vowed the destruction of her tyrant, as she denominated Lescombat. With the aid of tears and caresses she contrived to persuade him of her innocence, and to reconcile him with Mongeot. Scarcely was she again in the arms of her gallant, when she had recourse to the most diabolical arts to prevail upon him to murder her credulous husband. The following letter may serve as a mirror of her black heart:—

"Remember your promise, your oath," she writes to Mongeot, "to deliver me from my tyrant. To you I transfer the work of revenge. Heavens! how I pant for the moment of liberty! Chuse your time with judgment, and consider that the lives of us both are at stake. But mark, such is my fury, that if you have not the courage to perform the deed, I

will myself find other means of procuring peace. Yes, I am furious: hell is in my heart, and to me nothing is sacred! Ha! if you did but know the heart of an exasperated woman, you would speedily execute my commission. With what transport shall I hear of the death of my husband! with what raptures shall I receive his murderer! How much more amiable than ever will you then appear in my eyes!--But, alas! you are timid, cowardly, you tremble for your life; you never loved me. O why was it my fate to become acquainted with you! I was living in innocence till you seduced me. Had I yielded to any other, I had long ago been a widow.

"You think to deter me by the representation of a painful and ignominious death by the hand of the executioner. You paint the horrors of the last moments of a murderer. You desire me to suppose myself at the place of execution, and to imagine that I see your blood flowing for my sake. You threaten me with the like fate. You confess that you should not have the fortitude to endure the torture, but should accuse me as your accomplice. Never mind: all this you must risk. Concern yourself not about my life; it is hateful to me as long as my husband breathes. I cheerfully sacrifice it, so my revenge be but gratified. Is this enough for you? Now go, mean-spirited wretch, go immediately and accuse me. If however, you fulfil my wishes, if you present yourself to me dripping with the blood of my husband, then indeed expect every thing from me; never did woman love so ardently as I then shall, and evermore you shall be the god of my heart!"

"Well," replied Mongeot, "I will prove that I adore you, and that I am capable of sacrificing my life for your sake. Be the consequences what they may, your husband shall die by my hand. But be magnanimous, grant me one con-

dition: let me challenge him like a man of honour, not dispatch him like an assassin. I hope to vanquish him with ease. I shall thus accomplish your wishes and avoid the foul stigma of assassination. Have patience only a week longer and I will find a proper time and place.

"May none of the misfortunes which I have predicted await you! If we should be discovered, I will endeavour to save your life and not my own."

The fury was not satisfied with this answer. She wrote a second letter, in which she threatened to reconcile herself with her husband, and to confess to him the whole affair. She alternately lavished reproaches and tender expressions on Mongeot; she broke with him for ever, and immediately afterwards vowed everlasting love: in a word, she employed all the arts of a devil incarnate to extinguish the last spark of remorse in the bosom of her misguided lover. In this attempt she was but too successful. Mongeot invited his master to take a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg; Lescombat acquiesced without suspicion, and was unusually cheerful and talkative. Towards night Mongeot proposed to sup at a *Restaurateur's*. His companion agreed to this, and it was eleven o'clock before they rose from table to return home.

On leaving the *Restaurateur's* they had scarcely proceeded a few hundred paces, when Mongeot, flushed with wine seized a favourable opportunity to run Lescombat through the body with his sword. He fell, and wallowed in his blood. The murderer fled, and in going threw a pistol beside his victim. He soon met with some of the patrol, and told them that he had just killed a man who had stopped him and clapped a pistol to his breast. They took him into custody, and soon found the body of

Lescombat. Mongeot adhered to his first declaration, asserting that the man wanted to kill him from motives of unfounded jealousy. On this the wife was also apprehended, but as the murderer asserted her innocence, she was released from her recognizance to appear whenever she might be called upon. Instead of availing herself of her liberty to escape, she went every day to the prison to visit her husband's murderer, with whom she even ate and slept.

Mongeot was removed to the Conciergiere, where his inamorata was not suffered to visit him. This wretched woman, however, consoled herself in the arms of another for this separation.—Mongeot being informed of her inconstancy, was highly irritated, and began to waver in his declaration, but without directly accusing her as an accomplice. Hereupon she was taken a second time into custody. Mongeot seemed weary of his life, and no longer denied his crime. He was sentenced to die. Shortly before his execution, he desired to speak with Madam Lescombat in the presence of the judge. This vile woman had the impudence to appear very gaily dressed, and as it were, to scoff at the horrors which tormented him. The last thread of this unhallowed passion was now broken, and he declared to the judge, that he was seduced by her alone to commit the murder. He then withdrew, and was broken alive upon the wheel.

When Madam Lescombat was examined, she scornfully replied:—"Mongeot was an unhappy fellow, who long loved me, and for whom I even felt some friendship; but his last declaration proves nothing against me, for he was no longer master of himself." She then requested a more convenient place of confinement, as she was four or five months advanced in pregnancy. This statement being



upon examination found correct, her trial was deferred till after her delivery, and the necessary care was taken of her.— She produced a boy, and six weeks afterwards was sentenced to undergo the torture, and then to be hanged. She again declared herself pregnant. Another respite of four months and a half was granted her, and during the time she was strictly watched, nevertheless every person was allowed to see her in prison. An eye-witness, who often availed himself of this permission, describes her as a handsome woman, of a fine figure, with large black eyes, a delicate white bosom, and the most beautiful hands and arms. To these personal charms she united a mind stored with ideas derived from novels, and was a very entertaining company. Even during her imprisonment she continued to read novels with great assiduity, and seemed totally indifferent to the approach of her last awful moment. It at length arrived, and she had no further reason for delay to urge. She was hanged in the *Place de Greve*, and is said, when under the hands of the executioner, to have expressed an equivocal kind of repentance.

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For the New-York Weekly Museum.

'Leniter ex ambiguo, quicquid partiare ferundum est.'

'Let pain deserved, without complaint be borne.'

It is much to be regretted, that they who complain of an injury, seldom reflect how far they have provoked, or given poignancy to its arrows. That the influence of pride, and the deleterious effects of hyperbole, may be assigned as the cause of this delusion, few will deny, whom the mirror of partiality has convinced of deception, and whom the blandishments of superiority have affected with the swell of insolence.

The naturalist who haughtily proclaims the insect to be endowed with the size produced by the powers of the microscope, or that the minute fibres of organization, are discernible by an unassisted spectator, merits the applause of the sceptic alone; and he who exaggerates, what requires the telescopic eye of a \* *Suspicious* to observe, who submits to the decision of others, what is deemed unimportant by any but himself, is no less the dupe of folly than the former. The one is sceptically blind; the other deludedly ignorant.

It is an old maxim that expressions more than the intentions of a writer call the springs of mental action into play: accordingly she who violated truth with clandestine motives, may receive the plaudits of a lover when informed of her design; but who will censure him for not discovering 'playful vivacity, or intentions perfectly laudable? Caroline erecting the standard of vindication on the ruins of truth, reproached one already injured, who rather expected an apology, than reproof, for confuting a sylphic story, sagaciously devised to break the silence of her friend. The expedient (though I thank C. for her intention) was injuriously practical; and better means might have been adopted more consistent with her plan, and more congenial with virtue.

That Cœlebs offended Caroline, the strain of her last, evidently proves, but whether she is not ideally injured, mine must impartially decide. It was written when the hope of further explanation had subsided; it was dictated by that spirit which reproves the tongue of dissimulation, and warns others against its malignant influence; it was directed to a being whose character alone was the

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\* Dr. Johnson's melancholy character, whom he terms the 'Screech Owl.'

criterion of his veracity, and not as was mistakenly supposed to an earthly Caroline: although, the latter adopted the suggestions and the signature of the sylph, it was not intended to confound the object of reprehension, with one whom if she had appeared in her native character it would have been unpardonable to suspect much less convict of deceit.

Caroline supposes that 'Suspicion's magnifying glass' had incapacitated her correspondent from judging the import of her first letter: as Caroline evidently refers, to his ignorance of her intentions, I would merely suggest, that neither those to whom liberal mindedness belongs, nor he, whom she unfeelingly suspects of being a gentleman could understand the mysterious design to which she so cunningly alluded.

But what is suspicion? 'tis the act of imagining good or ill without proof. Now I appeal to the rosy cheeked nymph of blushing sixteen, or the experienced matron of sixty: I appeal to all you whom the world reproachfully stiles old bachelors and maids, whether suspicion can rest upon one influenced by the literal and undisguised declarations of a chattering sylph? Where are the immortal Sheridans, Johnsons, and Walkers, who have contributed by their talents, to found our language upon an immortal basis; full well I know, why their benignant shades do not appear: conscious that Cœlebs will flourish his pen to rectify innovation, they quietly repose in their peaceful beds.

Caroline endeavouring to show that I was not influenced by the suggestions of benevolence, proceeds to state, that 'charity and suspicion are incompatible with each other'—very true my good girl, but since Cœlebs has not been influenced by suspicion, but acted solely from the attestation of a fact, let

him whisper a little advice in your gentle ear; beware how you suspect him of being a stranger to benevolence, and of possessing those qualities that alone characterise a gentleman: your's can be only the whispers of suspicion, while his is the result of cool dispassionate reason.

The expression, 'too contemptible &c.' was both illiberal, unjust and irreverent, since Caroline sanctioned the volatility of an imprudent exclamation. Ought she not to have have blamed me for censuring the whisperer of it with so little asperity? But should C. (for I cannot think it) vindicate this interjection in a second epistle, I declare she will not reflect much credit upon herself nor any of the sex who may be of her opinion.

It is with extreme regret that I remind C. of the uncharitable wish which she imprecated upon me; if this be her real disposition, have I not better reason to question her benevolent intentions towards me?

I was at first determined to answer each of C's remarks, but upon mature deliberation I have abandoned the idea. I would merely observe that had C. regarded the sylph and not herself, as the subject of my just displeasure, I would not have received a letter replete more with the indignation, than discretion of the author.

Let me before I conclude, advise C. to beware of the impulses of the passions, which I doubt not have each an attendant sylph. Let them throw a wrinkle on your features or suggest what the dictates of prudence would not advise, each sylph is at his post ready to excite fresh sources of reproof, perhaps from a more indignant Cœlebs; but let them play in beauteous dimples on your cheek, your actions shall obtain your own approbation, your friend Emma's,



more especially of him who protects us all three under the shade of his parental wings, that of an admonitory.

#### CELEBS.

N.B. I would request C. to insert the word patience, instead of mentioning a principle that dignifies the saint and beautifies the seraph; perhaps I may have committed a similar fault.

P. S. Do not fail giving my sincere respects to your friend Emma, etc. But recollect that mutual reproof is the fruits of mutual beneficence.

From the Missionary Register.

#### ANOTHER WOMAN BURNT ALIVE.

The following Narrative is given by Mr. John Peter, an American, who acts as a Missionary at Balasore, in connection with the Baptist Society. It is extracted from a Letter of his, dated Balasore, (India) Sept. 6, 1814.

A horrible thing was done in this town a few days ago. Ochob, a neighbour of mine, died, aged 60 or 70 years, having four or five married sons, several daughters, and also grand children. He used to work for me, and I had many times been at his shop, and spoke there the words of eternal life to his sons, and others, as well as to him, often at his house and my own. His answer was always favorable. He acknowledged me to be a true teacher of the way of God, and was very religious in his own heathenism.

About eight months ago he came to me, and asked for one of our books, wishing to read it at his own house. I was very glad to give him an Orissa New-Testament, which he continued reading or hearing. About a month ago he fell sick: and on Saturday last, as I was returning from preaching to a large congregation at Mootigunji, one of his sons returned the Orissa Testament;

and, yesterday morning, I heard the man was dead, and that his wife, aged 45 or 50 was going to die with her beloved husband's body, in the burning flame. I was very sorry: had I known of his sickness before the book was returned to me, I would certainly have endeavoured to approach his death-bed with the news of salvation. Alas! I cannot help it: the soul is gone.

I sent word to his sons, that I wished to speak with their mother: but they refused my entrance into their house, and desired me, if I wished to speak with her, to go to the place of burning which was on the high road, a little distance from the town. I watched the opportunity, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I was informed, that the miserable woman had been led out from her house, the corpse of her husband having been carried, a little before, to the place, under the shade of a large tree. Hearing this, I went thither.—Finding her in the midst of a large crowd, and surrounded with a great noise, and a band of music, I knew not how to get to her, but some of the crowd immediately helped me. I joined my hands, and implored the musicians to let me pass to her for five minutes, that I might speak to her. I said, "I am very sorry for her." Upon this the crowd (near one thousand men) gave me room to approach, and all the musicians stopped their music. As soon as I got before her, I saw about twenty women surrounding her, and she in a most fantastic dress. Almost her whole body was covered with garlands. She had on a large cap of flowers, and her forehead was covered with red paint. She had a cocoa-nut in her hand; but remained silent, listening to what the others were saying to her. As soon as I approached her I opened the Orissa Testament, and, from the xvth chapter

of Acts, and the 28th verse, I cried out, "*Do thyself no harm* : This is a sin against God, and is unpardonable. I am a servant of God, and I love your soul. I am come to tell you from the mouth of God, *Do thyself no harm*." She only shook her head, but seemed not to believe me. Afterwards she said, "no, no," when I was dissuading her from going to the fire. The crowd did not like me to be near her any longer. However, I entreated her to speak to me ; which she did, but it was thro' her nose, so that I was not able to understand her. She gave me two flowers, I told her I did not want flowers but her life. She shook her head. Then I again said, "*Do thyself no harm*. If you do it, I am free from your blood." She, and the crowd then proceeded to the place of death.

I am sorry I was not able to do her any good ; I followed warning her and the crowd against the horrible crime, with the New-Testament in my hand. She bathed in a tank ; and then, being almost unable to walk, several persons held her shoulders and arms, and took her to the spot. The flames were ready to receive her. The crowd was now about four thousand men. Three gentlemen were on elephants very near to the flame.—She went round the fire and threw some milk over the burning corpse. Three or four men were at her back, to shove her into the fire, but she fell on the fire and was soon burnt to ashes. The crowd testified their approbation during the procession, from her house to the burning flame, by crying out, "Huri-bul ! Huri-bul !" I never saw before such a horrible death.

#### ENVY.

The snakes of envy devour the happiness of man, and encircle his heart with every malignant passion.

#### GOSPEL MELODIES.

##### SONG OF THE ANGEL.

Array'd in clouds of golden light,  
More bright than Heaven's resplendent  
bow,

Jehovah's Angel came by night,  
To bless the sleeping world below !  
How soft the music of his tongue !  
How sweet the hallow'd strains he sung !

'Good-will henceforth to man be given ;  
The light of glory beams on earth ;  
Let Angels tune the Harps of Heaven,  
And saints below rejoice with mirth :  
On Bethlehem's plains the Shepherds sing !  
And Judah's children hail their King !

#### VARIETY

##### VENTRILOQUIST.

A famous ventriloquist sometime ago visited the burial place of the ancient grand foresters of Flanders, conducted by the person who usually shewed the vaults to strangers. This person gave, as they passed along, a short sketch of the lives and characters of each of the dead princes. Of one of them, he said, that he had been a tyrant, and the worse man that lay buried there. "You lie, you scoundrel," said a deep toned voice, that seemed to issue from the coffin. The affrighted vault-keeper concluding that the spirit of the deceased prince was going to rise and pounce upon him, fled in horror ; and, to prevent the angry ghost from pursuing him, suddenly closed the door behind him as he made his escape out of the vault ; The ventriloquist, (who had uttered the terrific words) occupied with laughter at his companion's fears, soon changed his note when he found himself enclosed with no other society than the silent dead. A spring lock, after the fugitive had retired, secured the door, which barred his retreat. In this dreary cavern, he was thus compelled to wait 48 hours, during which time his former guide remained in a state of insanity, to which his terrors had reduced him.

The ventriloquist was at last released from his doleful dungeon, having dearly paid for the jocular exercise of his voice.

#### A WATCHMAN UNDER ORDERS.

A party who had been rather overdone by the *potentiality* of their beverage at a tavern, staggered out of the house while the watchman was crying past three o'clock. This so much offended one of the company, that he insisted on the poor fellow's altering his tone, and announcing it to be past eleven o'clock. The watchman immediately complied, but being at some loss how to finish his sentence, said, "Pray, gentlemen, what *sort of weather* would you choose to have?"

#### A SPOON FOR HOGS.

The earl of Pembroke kept a number of swine at his seat in Wiltshire, and crossing the yard one day he was surprised to see the pigs gathered round one trough, and making a great noise. Curiosity prompted him to see what was the cause, and on looking into the trough he perceived a large silver spoon. Just at this crisis a servant maid came out, and began to curse the pigs for crying so. "Well they may, you——," said his lordship, "when they have got but one spoon among them all.

#### A TOMB-STONE.

A mason at Brecon a short time since was ordered to erect a tomb-stone, on which he inscribed the age of the deceased as 39. His friends finding the real age to have been 90, insisted upon his adding *another year*. This the ingenious Welshman accomplished, and the stone now actually bears, aged 891! a few years short of that veteran antediluvian Methusalem.

#### STUDY OF NATURE.

When the mind becomes animated with a love of nature, nothing is seen that does not become an object for speculative enquiry.---"He can converse with a picture," as an elegant writer has remarked, 'and find an agreeable companion in a statue.---He meets with a secret refreshment; and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession.---It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees; and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind." A river is traced to its fountain;---a flower to its seed;---an animal to its embryo;---and an oak to its acorn. If a marine fossil lies on the side of a mountain, the mind is employed in the endeavour to ascertain the cause of its position.---If a tree is buried in the depths of a morass, the history of the world is traced to the deluge;---and he who grafts, inoculates, and prunes, as well as he who plants and transplants, will derive an innocent pleasure in noting the habits of trees and their modes of culture;---the soils in which they delight;---the shapes into which they mould themselves;---and will enjoy as great satisfaction from the symmetry of an oak, as from the symmetry of an animal.---every tree that bends, and every flower that blushes,---even a leafless copse, a barren plain, the cloudy firmament, and the rocky mountain, are objects for his attentive meditation.

#### PROFUSENESS.

The man who squanders his money, or is profuse with his intellect, will probably live to feel the want of both.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON MADAM CHARITY CARELESS,  
A DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

*"In life neglected, and forgot when dead."*

POOR Richard once married a Belle,  
The pride and the toast of the town,  
He could love her, he said, very well,  
Let her smile, let her scold, let her frown.

She lived,—and she cared not a straw,  
Not a fig, if he lived or did not;  
If a fop with a feather she saw,  
Poor Richard was out of her thought.

No sooner the candles were lit  
Than Richard sat down to his pen;  
She cared not a cent what he writ,  
Or thought, about women or men.

While he was intent on a book  
She flirted away to the ball,  
And told him he sadly mistook,  
For cards were the best of them all.

At last honest Richard fell sick,  
She saw it, and said with a groan,  
"I see you are going, my Dick,  
And therefore I leave you alone."

The Doctors know best what to do,  
For doses and drenches prepare,  
There's Sally, and Sambo, and Sue—  
I leave you, my dear, in their care."

He fretted, to see her depart  
In a humour so cheerful and gay,  
And said, with a sigh from his heart,  
*These women will have their own way.*

Poor Richard survived but a year  
The cruel neglect of his spouse,  
Yet loved her and call'd her his dear,  
But thought she had broken church vows.

When death came at last to his aid,  
He muttered with groaning and pain  
I am going, he peevishly said,  
*Where I never will marry again.*

Then gave up the ghost, with a sigh,  
And sunk to the land of repose—  
Where is it? who knows it?—Not I;  
Only HE, who created it, knows....—

What follows we scarcely need say,  
Nor think, if I do, that I rave,—  
She dress'd and she went to the play,  
And Richard was laid in his grave!—

P. F.

### BATTLE OF RAISIN.

The following beautiful little Poem is the production of capt. B —, an officer in the army of the United States, not more distinguished for poetical genius, and fine feeling, than intrepidity and courage. This Poem will be read with additional interest, when the reader is apprised, that the author was himself in the battle.—*N. Y. Courier.*

### A NIGHT VIEW OF THE FIELD OF RAISIN AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE battle's o'er, the din is past,  
Night's shadow on the field is cast;  
The moon, with pale and sickly beam,  
Looks pensive on the bloody stream;  
The Indian yell is heard no more  
And silence reigns on Erie's shore.

Now is the time, my friend, to tread  
The field on which our warriors bled;  
To raise the wounded chieftain's crest,  
And warm with tears his clay-cold breast,  
To treasure up his last command  
And bear it to his native land—  
It may one ray of joy impart  
To a fond parent's bleeding heart,  
Or, for a moment, it may dry,  
The tear-drops in the widow's eye:  
Vain hope, away!—The widow ne'er  
Her hero's dying wish shall hear!  
The zephyr bears no passing sigh,  
No struggling chieftain meets the eye;  
Sound is his sleep by Raisin's wave,  
Or Erie's waters are his grave.

O! send, sweet moon, one ray of light,  
Across the dusky brow of night,  
That I may know each warrior's form  
Who sunk beneath the battle storm.  
Gradual, the heavy clouds give way—  
The moon beams on the waters play:  
See, on the brink a soldier lies!  
Pale is his visage, dim his eyes,  
And like a stranded vessel's sail  
His red locks wanton on the gale.  
It is the gay and gallant Mead—  
In peace, mild as the setting beam

That gilds the tranquil summer stream—  
In war, the fiery battle steed.

The foe, no more shall dread his arm,  
His mirth no more the ear shall charm;  
But on his low and silent grave,  
The laurel fresh and green shall wave.

But who is he, so pale and low  
Stretched on his bloody bier of snow  
Beside the water's silent flow?  
The fierce fire of his eye is dead,  
The ruddy glow his cheek has fled;  
Yet fair in death his corpse appears;  
Smooth is his brow, and few his years.  
For thee, sweet youth! the sigh shall start  
In thy fond mother's anguish'd heart;  
For thee, some virgin's cheek shall feel  
At midnight hour, the tear-drops steal;  
And play-mates of thy childhood's hour,  
Pour o'er thy grave grief's warmest show'r.  
Could modest merit ever save,  
His dear possessor from the grave:  
Thy corpse, Montgomery, ne'er had lain,  
Upon this wild unhallow'd plain!  
But what were modest merit here?  
Or what were virtue's pleading tear?  
The hand that laid that hero low,  
The eye that saw his life-blood flow,  
Could gaze, unmov'd, on scenes of woe.  
Then sleep sweet youth, tho' far away  
From home and friends, thy lifeless clay,  
Yet oft on fancy's pinions borne,  
Friendship shall seek thy lowly urn;  
There shall the zephyr softly blow,  
There shall the billows gently flow;  
There shall the wild-flow'r love to bloom,  
And shed its fragrance on thy tomb.

Close by his side, young M'Ilvain  
Lies stretched upon the bloody plain!  
Upon his visage smooth and mild  
Death calmly sat and sweetly smil'd;  
Yet seem'd his eye of tender blue,  
Moisten'd with pity's pearley dew;  
'Tis thus the infant sinks to rest  
Serenely on its mother's breast;  
Yes, pity was his better part,  
Pity and friendship form'd his heart,  
Nor oft was heart so good and kind,  
United with such noble mind.  
Here vent'rous muse thy flight restrain  
No farther go—the task is vain—  
*Here Graves and Allen meet the eye,  
And Simpson's giant form is nigh!  
And Edmonston, a warrior old,  
And Hart, the boldest of the bold.*  
These and their brave compatriot band,  
Ask the sedate *Historian's* hand—

*Mine* only strews the fading flow'rs  
Which mem'ry culls from friendship's  
bow'rs,  
His shall entwine immortal bays  
Which brighter glow thro' future days.

The battle above alluded to; took place the 22d of January, 1813, at a place called Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, not very distant from Detroit. General Winchester commanded the American army, and Gen. Proctor, with a greatly superior British and Indian force the British. Altho' the Americans lost no honour in this engagement the remains of the army, consisting of the general and about 500 men, were made prisoners. The next day the savages broke loose upon such of the wounded prisoners as were unable to travel, and tomahawked them.—*Low's History of the War.*

#### ON LIFE.

LIFE is the vision of a morn,  
That flies the coming day;  
It is the blossom on the thorn,  
Which rude winds sweep away.

'Tis like the charming hue that glows  
Upon a virgin's face;  
Till care hath nipp'd her fading rose,  
And wither'd ev'ry grace.

It is the image of the sky,  
In glassy waters seen;  
When not a cloud appears to fly  
Across the blue serene.

But soon the waves begin to roar,  
And lift their foaming head;  
The mimic stars appear no more,  
And all the heav'n is fled.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays  
Of bright electric fire,  
That gild the pole with sudden blaze,  
And in that blaze expire.

It is the morning's gentle gale,  
That as it softly blows,  
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,  
Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gath'ring tempest pours  
And all the sky deforms;  
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar;  
The sigh—a raging storm.

For care and sorrow's morbid gloom,  
And heart-corroding strife,  
And sickness pointing to the tomb;  
Await the end of life.

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1816.

## Intelligence.

Selected from Daily and other papers.

A London paper says, the King of the Netherlands acceded, July 1, to the "Holy League" with Russia, Austria and Prussia, conceiving that "it will have a beneficial influence on the state of society, and the reciprocal relations of nations."

A letter received in Boston from Palermo, dated June 12 says, "a complete revolution has taken place in Tunis. The Bey has been beheaded, and every christian massacred without distinction."

There was a report in England, that the captain of an English frigate, who had gone ashore at Algiers, had been seized by these pirates, "who with the most refined cruelty nailed him to a cross, making him suffer the most excruciating tortures, and that some Turks who were present, moved to pity by his sufferings, attempted to release him, but were shot dead for their humane interference."

Within the last fortnight great and sudden have been the changes of the weather: from a tropical heat, many parts of the United States and Canada, have witnessed frost in August, which has done considerable damage to tender vegetables. At Petersburg, (Virginia) on the 20th inst. the mercury fell from 94 to 64 deg. in 40 hours.

Accounts from Europe state, in addition to their late spring, that many parts have been drenched with heavy rains this summer; especially in Switzerland and Germany, where great damage has been done by inundations, attended with water spouts and storms.—How different from the season here in this respect. The earth here was perhaps never more dry—as the following article from a late Philadelphia paper will show, "our oldest inhabitants cannot remember, that the Schuylkill has ever been so low as at present,

—it may be crossed on foot at the Falls, without wetting the feet. The Meadows in the vicinity of the city, are perfectly dry; and, unless speedily relieved from the parching state, not only Beasts, but Men, must suffer from the long absence of Rain at this season of the year."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the last spring and subsequent dry weather, the frequent cooling westerly and northerly winds have so tempered the air, as to give a promising hope of a pretty good harvest. Corn, if not so leafy as common, it is said will be heavy in the ear; and potatoes certainly are uncommonly fine.

Nineteen buildings, mostly dwelling houses and stores, were destroyed by fire at Salem, (Mass.) the 22d inst.

The "Rhode-Island American" states the following recent melancholy occurrence: "On the 16th inst. a black boy, in attempting to swim ashore from a vessel at anchor in Bristol harbour, was caught and mangled in the most shocking manner by a shark. He had swam but a short distance from the vessel, when he was heard to cry murder.—Those on board immediately attempted to relieve him, but were prevented by his being carried down. His remains were found a few days after, deprived of both legs and arms.

A steam boat is said to ply daily between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt (Russia.)

In the late report of a select committee of the British parliament to inquire into the state of mendicity in London, a great variety of curious facts relating to the beggars were unfolded. The great inducements to engage in mendicity is the considerable profits arising from the occupation. Clear proofs were presented that one blind man with a dog got 30s. sterling a day. Another got 5s. a day, and could go with ease through sixty streets in a day. Two houses in the parish of St. Giles are frequented by from 200 to 300 beggars; receipts from 3 to 5s. a day.—A negro beggar retired to the West Indies with a fortune of 1500*l*. One man will col-

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least three, four or five children from different parents, paying 6d or 9d a piece to go a begging with, of course the children very seldom belong to the beggars they are with. There are probably more than 15,000 beggars in London. In the neighbourhood of Whitechapel there are 30 or 40 houses, apparently crowded, containing not less than 2000 people; one half of whom live by prostitution and begging. They live well after having gone their circuits, and get scandalously drunk; and with few exceptions are utterly worthless and incorrigible.

*Junot's Library.*—The splendid Library of Marshal Junot has recently been sold at Auction in London. Some of his books were splendid copies published by Didot and printed by him and Bodini, of Parma, upon vellum, they sold for high prices; the works of Crebillon, 4 vols. were knocked off at about 117 dolls.---Homer's Iliad, in the Greek language, 2 vols. sold for about 88 dolls.---Horatii Opera, with beautiful original drawings by Hercier inserted and a set of proof plates, went off at \$922 22.---La Fontaine's Fables, in 2 vols. sold for \$55 dolls.

The splendid bible which Junot seized upon and carried away from Portugal was not offered for sale. It is said the government of Portugal, anxious to redeem this great curiosity, offered 80,000 livres to Madam Junot; who declined the offer, saying she could not part with it for less than 150,000 livres!—(*Boston Ev. Gaz.*)

A paper says, " Marshal Suchet, who rose from the situation of a journeyman barber, has been put in actual service as a general by Louis XVIII.—The devil's in it if the barbers are any longer against Louis.---*ib.*

The emperor Alexander has made the Russian Bible Association a present of a large house, four stories high, solidly built of stone, and lying in one of the finest parts of Petersburg, near the Imperial Summer Garden. The society has also received from his Majesty a present of 15,000 roubles.

Mr. Stephen Girard, merchant, of Philadelphia, has completed the subscription to the United States Bank Stock, by subscribing to it *three millions and one-third of a million of dollars.*

On Thursday last a man by the name of Bell, was drowned in the Hudson, near Bloomingdale. In saving a Mr. Hart and his child from drowning, which he effected by jumping in after them, the poor man, too much exhausted, perished himself after saving them from a watery grave.

### NUPTIAL.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Romayn, Mr. William Barclay, of Albany, to Miss Frances Maria Rose, daughter of Joseph Rose, esq. of this city.

Mr. Hezekiah Whitlock, to Miss Ann Van Antwerp, both of this city.

### OBITUARY.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 69 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 24th inst.

#### DIED.

Mrs. Anna Havens, wife of Ransselaar Havens, in the 36th year of her age.

After a few days sickness, at Newark, [N. J.] Christina Matilda Macomb, youngest daughter of Alexander Macomb, aged 17 years.

Mrs. Hannah Philips, wife of Nathaniel R. Philips, aged 20.

Mr. William N. Sherman, son of Mr. Samuel Sherman, aged 12 years.

Mr. David I. Fisher.

Mr. John Voorhis, aged 56.

Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Mr. William Brown.

Miss Mary Stuart Barr, in the 28th year of her age.

At his Seat at Calgarth [Wales] the 4th July, Richard Watson, the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Landaff, in the 79th year of his age.

At London, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, esq. aged 64—a gentleman eminent in literature and politics. It is said he died in extreme poverty, but has left an unblemished reputation.

## YANKEE LETTER.

*The following curious letter is from the Philadelphia True American. It is said to have been picked up in the street ; and with the view of amusing the public it has been published.*

PHILADELPHIA July 19, 1816.

Dear Tom---The old sloop got here on Friday, after a terrible ugly time on't, all well, the cheese and onions safe and sound, and we sold all off the first day. So I rigged up a little and went about to see the town, and though I never believed it before, it is a nation sight bigger than Hartford : though the court house is'n't half so handsome. As it was court time I thought I would go in and see a little how they went on. I used to think Daggot pretty cute, but I'll be whipt if some of these weasoned face lawyers a'nt his match any day. Then I went to the Amuseum, a great school---we gingled a bell as we went up stairs, and they made us pay eighteen pence, but I did'nt mind it, for I'fegs you never saw such heap of sights, but it was no more like a school than the old sloop, for there was no books but there was two or three heads stuck up about, which I guess were scholar's dunce blocks ; though the master is a pretty man with spees, but I don't think he knows as much as squire Webster. If it is really a school, they have the drollest scholars that I ever saw, for there was a stuffed dog---and Indians---and a rattle snake---and a trumpet to speak thro' and a fellow going up stairs, and birds, and the great mammoth, you never saw the like ! and a looking glass that made my face look as broad as a dutchman's---I wish Sucky would look in it---Lord, I felt so queer, looking at so many odd things, that I went down and got a pint of beer and felt better again. Then I went all through the market where there was a heap of women selling gingerbread and notions, and there was another Amuseum right by the side of the market on the left

as you go up, which I thought I would'nt see : but then there was a monkey hung out, way up, high for a sign, and it was so queer that I concluded I would go in if they would take nine pence, but they said I was full grown and must pay a quarter, but I would'nt, so I laid out the nine pence in cakes and cherries.

There is a proper sight of pretty girls here, near about as pretty as the Connecticut girls ; and they don't dress as folks used to say they did, half bare amost, but they looked tidy and decent enough to get to meeting---but their bosoms looked queer, for they wear croslets, as they call them, that squeeze the breasts over on to each shoulder as far as they can. Is'nt it a pity to divide the dear little twins ? I spose it is only like a genteel husband and wife parting for the summer, and they'll sleep together again when cold weather comes. And then some of the tippy bobs here wear long surtouts danging about their heels---mighty convenient, and comfortable and cool for July ; so one of them was making his bow to a lady and stepping back trod on the tail of it, and down he fell, but luckily hit on his head. But there is'nt hardly any steeples here, so I guess they are not so religious as our Connecticut folks, and that, what every body says at home, and I tho't though I'd go to meeting on Sunday, and the man did preach it off like any presbyterian in Connecticut, and he told us, rightold Seabrook Platform, that we must read our bibles and be good, and every body cried, and I could hardly help it, but I was a stranger you know, and had no business to. He was a pretty man and his hair was combed forward on his forehead, so slick that I could'nt help thinking he had looked in his glass instead of his bible, the last thing before he left home, and I should have lov'd him as well as parson F. if it wash'nt for that : I mean to copy this, and if I stay here a week I'll write to you again. So no more at present---give my love to Sucky.

JEREMY CHEESBROOK.